

Daily Democrat.

TERMS OF DAILY DEMOCRAT TO THE COUNTRY.

One Year	\$5.00
Six Months	3.00
Three Months	1.50
One Month	.50

Subscribers, whose papers were discontinued with the mail facilities were called off in Southern Kentucky and Tennessee, can obtain them now by giving notice where they received them and where they now wish them forwarded for the time paid for.

We have had numerous suggestions from correspondents respecting the resolution lately passed by Congress, upon the recommendation of the President offering aid to any slave State that may desire to abolish slavery.

If any State wishes to abolish slavery, we presume its people would be willing to accept aid. If no one wishes to abolish slavery, then the offer amounts to nothing; that is all of it.

We don't know what the Cabinet may think on the subject, or what could have prompted such a recommendation. Anything upon the slavery question from the Cabinet or from Congress is, in our judgment, ill-timed; but this is about as harmless as any shape in which a suggestion could be made. The strongest pro-slavery man may be safe in making a bargain to let his negro go whenever the North will agree to be taxed to pay for him. Neither side will ever move in such a bargain.

We should add an amendment, that any slave thus paid for and set free should hereafter reside in a free State, and that a double proportion should be assigned to New England.

We don't see why one party should be so eager to pass such a resolution, or the other feel any concern to oppose it. We have not heard of any State likely to make such application now or hereafter. It will be time enough to be excited about it if the application is made. In that case Kentucky will protest against taxation for such a purpose as unconstitutional, and we believe all the rest of the States will join in the protest.

The Secesh are a good deal exercised on the subject. They are, perhaps, afraid of the temptation, lest they may be seduced into an abandonment of slavery. They have read what Yancey said to Russell in England, and the suggestion that they would consent to abolish slavery in time, if England and France would help them. They see that their leaders are liable to get weak in the knees on that subject; that any of them for the sake of a crown would sacrifice all the slaves in the South. They now exhort the people to burn up all their property, and leave only desolation behind them; the next step to be to let loose all the negroes. There is no telling what desperation may lead men to do.

But, now, let those who pretend to be alarmed for the institution of slavery adopt the ready and effectual means to put an end to all sectional measures. Let them lay down their arms, elect members to Congress and assume the place they are entitled to under the Federal Constitution, and the danger they apprehend will be avoided. Congress can hardly now, without the representation from the Southern States, pass any radical measure. With the South returned to her duty and her rights in the Union, no such measures would be proposed.

Why continue a useless war when the end is visible now? Men who resort to the sword put all rights at hazard; and if the folly and wickedness are persevered in, what can men expect but to accept the calamities of war? No matter how correct the intentions of an enemy, the effect of war and its necessities will damage all rights of what ever kind. The sword is a dangerous instrument to employ to protect civil rights of person or property.

If Secesh are interested in the institution of slavery at all, as they profess to be, let them obey the flag and Constitution of the United States, and they had just as well be gin now; for they will have to come to it whether they like it or not.

A gentleman who left Memphis just before the fall of Fort Donelson, describes the feeling of apprehension there as most intense and absurd. The people believe religiously that burnings, confiscations, confessions, destruction of private property and indiscriminate hangings follow the Federal army; and it is not safe to undertake to undo them. As he passed from Memphis to Nashville, on the Saturday before the fall of Fort Donelson, the news was circulated of the great success of the Confederates. After night, at one point, that dispute of Pillow's—"Upon the honor of a soldier," so—was read by gas light, to the infinite gratification of the Secesh. He learned no better until Sunday morning, after breakfast, at Nashville, when followed the scenes that have been detailed in our columns.

We see that Van B. Young, Esq., is a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney in the Eleventh Judicial District. Mr. Young is a member of the present Legislature, firm in his loyalty. He stood in the breach in Bath county when the contest was doubtful, and in the darkest hour. He is a man of ability and industry, and if the people should place him in the office he will do credit to himself and them.

An anonymous correspondent, who signs his letter "Truth," in a letter criticizes the Government, wishes to disguise his name. He has adopted a signature so utterly at variance with the facts that it will be utterly impossible for us to detect him.

It strikes military men as supremely ludicrous that Rosecrans, after his gallant defense of Western Virginia, where he was daily fighting in the field, should be superseded by such an officer as Fremont.

The London Critic records eighteen deaths of females caused by the use of crinolines; but the Critic refrains from the awful statistics of the deaths of females who were unable to get crinolines.

THANKS.—We are under many obligations to Mrs. J. S. Wright, J. W. Arnold, Robt. Mallory and L. W. Powell for various valuable public documents.

The Louisville market promises to be the best one in the west if her own merchants will not so to deserve it.

GEORGE N. SANDERS, WM. H. POLK, OF TENN., AND THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF KENTUCKY.—There is no one better known in the country as a scholar, a politician, and a wit, than William H. Polk, of Tennessee. He has a plantation some forty miles from Nashville, lives comfortably, has a joke for every one, and is, withal, a resolute man in his opinions. He was the opponent of the evanescent Harris, who has disappeared mysteriously, and voted for the co-operation in the election for Governor of that State. About a month ago notice came to him that he must leave the State—a notice which, however, he did not obey. His description of the terror of the rebels on the taking of Nashville is said to be supremely rich. Among other incidents in one of peculiar interest to us Kentuckians, concerning the fate of the late Provisional Government.

Colonel Polk, a few days before the arrival of our army at Nashville, and, indeed, before he heard of the fall of Fort Donelson, in going down the road from his farm, decorated a fat, ragged, bushy headed, tangled mustached, dilapidated looking creature (something like an Italian organ-grinder in distress), so disguised in mud as to be scarcely recognizable. What was his surprise, on a nearer approach, to see that it was the redoubtable George N. Sanders.

George had met the enemy and he was there—not in person, but in feeling. His heart was lost, his breeches were ragged, and his boots showed a set of fat, gouty toes protruding from them. The better part of him was gone, and gone a good distance.

"In the name of God, George, is that you?" said the ex-Congressman.

"Me!" said the immortal George, "I wish it wasn't; I wish I was anything but me. But what is the new news—is there any more running? They are all running back there, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb."

"No," said Mr. Polk, "not that I know of. You needn't mind pulling up the seat of your pants. I'm not noticing. What in the hell are you doing here, looking like a muddy Lazarus in the painted cloth?"

"Bill," said George to the Tennesseean, confidentially, and his tones would have moved a heart of stone, "Bill, you always were a friend of mine. I knowed you a long while ago and honored you—cuss me if I didn't. I said you was a man bound to rise. I told Jimmy Polk so; me and Jimmy was familiar friends. I intended to get up a biographical notice of you in the Democratic Review, but that damned Corry stopped it. I'm glad to see you; I'll swear I am."

"Of course, old fellow," said the charitable Tennesseean, more in pity of his tones than even of the flattering eloquence, "but what is the matter?"

"Matter!" said George, "the d-d Lincolns have seized Bowlinggreen, Fort Donelson, and here, by this time, taken Nashville. Why," continued he, in a burst of confidence, "when I left, hawks was worth a hundred dollars an hour, and Polk (in a whisper), I didn't have a d-d cent."

The touching pathos of this last remark was added to by the sincere vehemence with which it was uttered, and the mute eloquence with which he lifted up a ragged flap in the rear of his person that some capricious rail or briar had torn from its position of covering a glorious retreat.

"Not a d-d cent," repeated he, "and, Polk, I walked that hard-bent down up and down, all day, with bomb shells pouring on the street at every lamp-post—I'll swear I did—trying to borrow some money, and Polk, you think there wasn't a sounder there would lend anything, not even Harris, and he got the money out of the banks, too!"

"No," said Polk, who dropped in a word occasionally as a sort of encourager.

"Bill," repeated Sanders, "Bill, I said you was a friend of mine—and a talented man—always said so Bill. I didn't have a rod and I've walked forty-five miles in the last day by the milestones, and I haven't had anything to buy a bit of eat; and," he added with impassioned eloquence, "what is a cursed sight worse, not a single drop to drink."

This is complete. It is unnecessary to tell how the gallant and clever Tennesseean to the wayfarer home, gave him numerous if not innumerable drinks, and filled him with fruits of fields and flesh of flocks. When George was filled, however, he flung, by numerous signs, and finally by words, that he wished the servants to leave the room. "Polk," said he, "I knew you were a man with a heart in your bosom; I told 'em so. I said no better man than Bill Polk could be found. I told 'em so."

"Told who?" asked Mr. Polk, rather surprised at the sudden and mysterious language, accompanied by the removal of the servants.

"Mr. Polk," said Sanders, "I want your horses and carriage for a time."

"Certainly, Mr. Sanders, if you wish them," Mr. Polk, said George, "I do not appear before you in any ordinary character to day; I am clothed with higher authority; I am an emissary."

The tone and manner indicated something fearful—perhaps to arrest his host.

"I am an emissary," repeated Mr. Sanders, speaking in very large capitals, "from THE STATE OF KENTUCKY, and hope to be received as such. 'The fact is,' continued he, coming down to the level of familiar conversation, 'I left the Provisional Government of Kentucky a mile or so back, on foot, finding my horse and carriage in the demand of that noble State.'

Of course the carriage was harnessed up at once, and Mr. Sanders proceeded to bring the Provisional Government to Mr. Polk's house.

How shall we describe this part? The Hon. George W. Johnson, as much of a Clay man as the sacred soil of Tennessee could afford, but still preserving his light and active step; McKee, late of the Courier, following; Walter N. Haldeman, with all his industry and perseverance, trying to keep up with his associates; and Willis B. Machan, vigorous, active, slightly sullen, but in earnest, with every boot he drew out of the snowy, muddy soil, giving a groan of fatigue. Imagine them safely ensconced at Mr. Polk's, on their road South.

"Mr. Sanders," said the Governor, with dignified suavity, after the walnut and wine, "I'm glad to be an acquaintance of yours, and we were very glad to send him forward."

The Hon. Governor maintained throughout that easy, self-possessed manner which characterizes the gentleman.

The emissary—for he ought to be so known—shortly after suggested to the Provisional Government that he was "broke" and wished to represent the Seventh Congressional District of Kentucky—that is, the Louisville District; "for," said he, in his persuasive, confidential tones, "that is the only way I know of to get a man without money to get to Richmond."

A session was at once held of the State Council and it is our pleasure to record that Mr. Sanders is now authorized by the Provisional Government to proceed to Richmond and represent our interest in the rebel Congress, vice H. W. Bruce, removed or resigned.

Mr. Polk at this time addressed the new Congressman, saying that he had a particular favor to ask. "Bill," said George to his host, speaking out of a full heart and full chest, "Bill, you are a boy after my own heart; whatever request you make I grant." "It is only a trifle," said Mr. Polk, "which you can easily grant, and which will please you." "It is granted," interrupted the grateful Sanders. "I may be arrested," continued Mr. Polk, "within a few minutes, for disagreeing with some measures which Governor Harris has urged upon the people." "Never mind that," said the impetuous Sanders, "I'll stand by you." "All I want," continued Mr. Polk, "is for you to return to Nashville as a hostage for my wife and family."

"Bill Polk," said George, gravely but firmly, "you are a man I love; I love you, and I love your wife and family; but if ever I go back to Nashville, may I be d-d."

Of course there was no reply to this, and the redoubtable George and the Provisional Government soon went on their way rejoicing.

We do not pretend to give this in the language or manner of Mr. Polk, which I don't think much of the shield, but the pendulums are fine things, though I cannot say for the matter I would stand the shot, as they were not hit.

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Capt. Ericsson's Account of his Iron Plated Ship.

(Before the Chamber of Commerce, New York.)

CAPT. ERICSSON'S STATEMENT.

Captain ERICSSON, at the invitation of the Chamber, arose, and was received with applause. He said: I have the great satisfaction to tell the gentlemen that this morning I have received a letter from Mr. Stimers. I sent a copy of it to the Evening Post, so that the press should have it in the morning. I will now read you Capt. Stimers' letter.

IRON-CLAD MONITOR, HAMPTON ROADS, March 9, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR.—After a stormy passage, which proved us to be the finest sea boat I ever was in, we fought the Merrimack for more than three hours this forenoon, and sent her back to Norfolk in a sinking condition. Iron clad against iron clad. We maneuvered about the bay here, and went at each other with mutual determination. I considered that both ships were well fought. We were struck twenty-two times—pilot-house twice, turret nine times, also armor eight times, deck three times. The only vulnerable point was the pilot-house. One of your great guns (9 by 12 inches thick) is broken in two. The shot struck just outside of where the Captain had his eye, and it has disabled him by destroying his left eye, and temporarily blinding the other.

[That is proved once and for all to be so. It was proved at first that his eye was lost.] The loss is not in two, but is broken and pressed inward 12 inches.

[This shows the immense force of these shots. This beam is 9 inches by 12, and of I was ever in, we fought the Merrimack for more than three hours this forenoon, and sent her back to Norfolk in a sinking condition. Iron clad against iron clad. We maneuvered about the bay here, and went at each other with mutual determination. I considered that both ships were well fought. We were struck twenty-two times—pilot-house twice, turret nine times, also armor eight times, deck three times. The only vulnerable point was the pilot-house. One of your great guns (9 by 12 inches thick) is broken in two. The shot struck just outside of where the Captain had his eye, and it has disabled him by destroying his left eye, and temporarily blinding the other.]

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The Sinking of the Cumberland.

The following is a copy of the report of Lieutenant George M. Morris, who was temporarily in command of the frigate Cumberland on Saturday, the 5th, when she was assailed on Sunday by the iron-clad steamer Merrimack, in Hampton Roads.

The report is addressed to Commander William Radford, the commander of the frigate, who, at the time of the encounter, was absent on court-martial duty.

Newport News, (Va.), March 9, 1862.

Sir: Yesterday morning, at 9 o'clock, I discovered two iron-clad steamers, the Merrimack and the Monitor, on the left bank of the river, distant about twelve miles. At 12 o'clock I discovered three vessels, under steam, standing down the Elizabeth river towards the mouth of the James. I beat to quarters, double-breasted the guns on the main deck, and cleared ship for action.

At one P. M. the enemy were in sight, greatly outnumbering us. The iron-clad steamer Merrimack, accompanied by two steam gunboats, passed ahead of the Congress frigate and steered down towards us. We opened fire on her. She stood on and struck us under the starboard fore-channels. She delivered her fire at the same time. The destruction was great. We returned the fire with solid shot with alacrity.

At thirty minutes past three the water had gained upon us, notwithstanding the pumps were kept actively employed to a degree that the forward magazine being drowned, we had to take powder from the after magazine for the 10-inch gun. At 3:30 minutes past 3 the water had risen to the main battery and the ship was going down and we delivered a parting fire—each man trying to save himself by jumping overboard.

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